

real imagery JUMP here w/ lots of fire ,
make him crazymouth too

8 Afterlight 3 ; The Swarm

When I got the good news, the final divorce papers with all their seals and gorgeous eighteenth century thickets of language, the giant vise of all of our guilts and pains and crazing dreams opened wide its awful jaws. Ah yes these papers will become my dearest possessions since I relish wonderful shows about nothing.

But it was a quite temporary freedom then because that old electrical swarm in my brain swept on once more, like a storm in some flying, cloud rushing Hansel and Gretel woods or something, the bending trees, masses of twigs blackening the light.

A lot of it's from the latest drugs of course. They don't stint.

The doctor within said

Sweitzer. Witch doctors were somehow good at activating the doctor within. These doctors are poisoning him. Tough. At any rate the doctor within is too ill for anything. Besides being an eggplant. As I am . As I am

swarms of swarms swarms of what? I think of leaves, their reflections flooding upwards on a windshield when I watch a visitor leave here, watch from this old sunporch in a rambling hulk of rotting wood squatting among these high-rise hospital

buildings. My room for the duration since I gave my ward bed to
a Vietnam kid who called me Pop. Pop. Jesus!

But I am this pop as the GIs were mine, theirs the doughboys.

For peaceable folks we do have wars.

Since I have my precious divorce papers I will no longer see the
leaves, black leaves

dark leaves, rushing up from the face of my wife, the tears
running upwards too,yes?

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The lovely cape of hers twisting upwards among the running
leaves like an inverted cone. Ah yes. And am I making fun of
what I know is beautiful? IáIt know and no matter for beauty
transcends. What is lovely will forever be beyond us.

But recently I saw among the rushing leaves a ghost in the
slippery back-swept glass, the face of that evil, infatuated imp
from VE day, who will forever be transported from the past and
into future realms more horrible than war. She has forever
watched my dying and watches it now as a ghost in windshields.
Bear with me a while as I'm rational. I am next to death,
smelling of dirt as the Greeks say, but my memories forever

quicken because, you see, our experiences never grow old.

Therefore my first lover, my coarse lipped baker's daughter is
alive

ects f

among the glossy sw at roaring day; my imp, ever-watching
imp,

too, is fresh and alive, horribly alive her eyes Black and
shining onyx.

All of your life is alive while you are, even if dead
memories or dead people come up.

But you know, the creature that the Japanese encounter in the
dark and final wood has a blank and featureless face, not the
warty, knobby

bitch we find horrifying. And after I read of this I knew
why on

exquisite occasions my evil imp loses all her features to the
uprushing

each leaves and hangs in whatever windshield, and often framed
in single

pane of this sunporch, with a perfectly smooth face. I have even gotten to see her in my dreams without a face, stock still among the smashed and slashed ruins of Kristallnacht. All crystal nights and sometimes my own.

I've got to stop being interested in everybody's old stories. They freight my life with more than it can bear.

MY

Red the fool-idealist, looking back to see his death mask in the dark air of that trolley car, hungry little baker's girl, the glazings on the pastries but my brain is right now burning out these outlines. acid

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Tell me something. Can you tell me something?

Skipper. Tell me something, Skipper, isn't it time to die when you welcome it? When your brain burms out all the outlines and

then the features, and all of life is a blank face? Is it a blank face, Death? Tell me, Skipper.

And of the future, Skipper, what of that? Nerve gas and germ warfare let's say? But no more crystal nights or days. The neutron bomb retains the glass and metal in its aesthetic configuration, say of a Cadillac Seville, or a Mercedes, and just snuffs the people out, sucks the driver out of the velour front seat as the fabric slowly recovers from the imprint of his ass.

This is the art of the future. All those cars with no one left to drive them. Ah the material paradise of it all And to those remaining, fission or fusion, children, which to melt you? And how many lies to bring it all about? Just an infinity?

I'm like the Nam kids, I blab on. Unrepresentative of my generation, since everytime it went up our ass our mouths snapped shut. Is it I who is vulgar, or my words, or the truth? Christ sought the moral company of whores to demonstrate that truth is vulgar.

Well ... anyway ... with these broken kids from Nam flooding the place I alone have escaped to tell thee, no, I alone am left to greet them-the conterporaries of bitter Red my VE busdriver, who used to hold this job down are dying off in wholesale lots, so the Korean vets are the historical bridge between those old

and usually patriotic folks and these sweet and tucked up heads.
Ah but the wonder and butchery, you'll find everything in each
mishmosh of a war from shame to saintliness.

As you'll find everything in me. One shrink told me that I
tried to exter-

nalize the evil in myself b ch harrowed me, but what is bad and
good in me

WZ

shutters in and out. I am as bad as they come and I am the
shakey kid

who move the sillohetedted ships on the wall, who was carried on
the

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black and glittering crest of VE Day, my own small
Kristallnacht, who was set afire, experimentally, in Korea,
exposed himself to frozen Minnesota. who discovered the giggling
electrical ferocity called sex in a floury baker's shop under

Jesus, that original bleeding heart.

who has been bitterly bitterly cheated and who has had everything. But about Korea? Why didn't you tell the newspapers? Because I'm telling you.

who would now kill for a nickel: or for nothing at all. And who would give up the small portion of life left for these sweet and tucked-up heads, most of whom will die after hardly knowing they lived.

So I will type madly to get them some Agent Orange justice, run down to the PX to get a kid after we. Everything's a religious act.

I say further unto you that I have walked into instant fire which turned the very ground into molten blue glass: I have seen the future and it works. Fuckin well. Like a fisherman of whom I read who drifted into a poisonous cloud one magnificent and extensive morning out of sunny, glassy brilliance for a second or two, back into it dead. He has however briefly seen the future and it sure fuckened worked on him. I am that fisherman but where is the fisher of men.

Deaf dumb and blind.

But it never happened of course, this story of the poisoned fisherman. I acknowledge this and that my own story never happened either, though my expenses are

forever paid by the government which perpetuated nothing.
Everything's normal since what do you match my speeding delusion
against? Other delusions? Rise up from that boat, fisherman.
You never died and I never turned to mush with searing white. I
do go on

but these hopheads are somehow born knowing all these things.
They

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knew it in Vietnam. They knew the lying madness and they had to
buy a ticket out when they could stand it no longer. And now
they'll never sweat anything again. Nor will they buy into the
vicious gentility of American life. The racism. The
materialism. why would they care? what do we have that they
could possibly want?

Some truth has set them free. Great. But why the drugs?

They say that I can't understand. I can.

Why the drugs now? That's what I can't understand.

Oh pretty and pretty her hair and face oh pretty oh pretty my
redhaired wife. Gone but not yet forgotten. Her image in a
nest of pain

as it were.

Ah but the imp cancels her out, cancels out too the pretty,
raw-lipped girl who seduced and was seduced under the radiating
sacred heart while
multitudinous life roared outside and glass showered down. I
try to

ca+ P÷l I

get her face back in but tb AA imp won't be squeezed out.

Do you suppose my mother in lascivious concert with Uncle Sam
and the Pope has something to do with it? (Group's called the
Ball Squeezers if you're buying the record.)

The president is on TV again. He tells us and the Russians of
the states of our unions. He warns and he blusters. They get
equal time the next day. All the old gestures seem sillier and
even more hateful. The people are running far ahead of their
leaders. They catch up upon acres of corpses.

Oh well, at least the dying will be shared.

Cry for yourself and all who will die in a way too tucked up to
catalog.

Deluded among mass delusions. Massively deluded.

The tragedy of those countless crosses of white over today's

whole

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rolling Earth, in graveyards so huge they can be seen from space.

Cry for them now. A tear for each would be how many lifetimes of cr-jing2 Measure that before the distances of stars.

And what has been abstracted from the lives of those who died so young

in war?

Everything, all those moments of exhilaration , or despair, or even some bittersweet nuance reflected on over tea but I hold out more for the

low comedy such as my extended episode on a Minnesota lake.

These base

and clownish moments by the trillions were dammed forever at the Marne, The Bulge, Heartbreak Ridge, Da Nang. our world lost

them. Their restoration might make life more bearable in the advanced industrial civilizations . My deal to the Almighty: Bring back each of these shattered soldiers from all of our American wars for one delicious, loutish rube-animal instant, because in Gnj3.of these all of life is compounded.

My part of the deal? The sincere offer of one still-burning heart.

For a carnival.

Each culture eats its children of course. one way or the other. But metaphor is easier to take than murder. As is the theoretical lifeboat.

If it comes down to the real one yo'll be among those, including yourself, who bought on. Alid even then, lots of talk of money. (wore in the metaphor as you read this. My burning in Korea was a metaphor; thus the anomoly of true death coming.)

Deaths will be staggered in the lifeboat as bores will bore themselves and each other to death. And will the master bore be the first to go or the last?

Forget it.

I know that in America we won't be killed so long as we keep consuming.

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op Lifos ticket price.

And the one-half of one percent who own twenty-six percent (1) of the wealth won't shoot or cremate us or jam us in their nigger jails if we buy eight cars and load each with toasters. Consume or die.

I'm American and I hate the Americans.

183 or so when there was one night of fantastic meteor showers:
The Night the Stars Fell.

KRISTALNACHT: JEWS PUT ON NOTICE BY TONS OF BROKEN GLASS.
Niggers and Arabs and all varieties of Indians advised by Mr. Fate to keep an ear peeled.

Compared to our potential the Geman act is bush. We'll bring in The Harvard Business School and banks of computers, and THE~~FL~~L
You are invited to the massive, world-wide Crystal Night in the year 2 . Phe favor of a reply is not necessary.

Whoops! Two or three of my burn-frames click click by. Are they expunging memories or lies?

In the Chinese myth ten suns appear in the sky one day, all but burning up the world. Wouldn't that melt us though, mix us in a lava of molten glass as sand liquefies along with everything else. Not all that much sweat for them since they had a heroic archer shoot them all down but one.

In our time USA, Russia, China, Brazil, South Africa, Israel, France, India, Pakistan, and OPEC all have suns.

And our little half lives will be rounded with a sleep and we will be Children of Fire, enveloped by fire.

Oh Lord give me the fire now, on my knuckles, so blue from burying the mermaid's cape, from digging my grave. Who's walking on it now? Why it's a man from Chad, old doddering man of 35, average life expectancy there.

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le And how're you doing, old black skate? And how bout a super shiny Capitalistic

nickel, Nigger? One still hoI fought for it. Die with some grace now.

The sight and sound of you could ruin the garden party and the Super Bowl.

But then again you prefer to live starving and humiliated. I forgot that.

And to die at 35.

And doet worry, Chad, you got some American counterparts who likez, living in shit and rotting away. This whole process is labeled freedom by the way by the right.

I[s your right, Chad.

One more thing. It's said that if all the food in the world were

shared weld all be a little hungry. Why you gotta go, Chad.

Doet take any wooden nutmegs.

And get off my fuckin grave. Yo]ll be happier in your own.

Those varous Vietnam niggers are walking on me, their bridge,

and they won't last to 35 either,
brains blown to shit on terror and drugs. But be of heart all
you Nam burnouts, áall is bound to expire before that immense
chemical fire gets all the bosses and their willing fartsuckers,
all the grasping middle class boys and girls trying for more and
more.

Lying for more. And jussssssssssst when they get the golden
ring...

melts through their hand,leaving a stinking, smoking hole.

speeding

I say to you that after the rivers of fire pass and the smell of
burning flesh subsides, theroll be those settgeet survivors who
will say it never happened and let's get back to the lie which
built this coutry. But you be of good cheer.Chad back there
home, cause you niggers never lived or died.

And if you did it was for a worthy cause as you melted in the
ten suns for
some fat boy

could buy his slut butter creams and fuck her with impunity
while you

hemorrhaged out of mouth and eyes and ears and asshole. Asshole!

But, again, be of good cheer, Chad. Lots of Americans won't hit
35 due to domestic disturbances. And other.

For what is preserved is corruption. What is fought for is
filth. What is died for is wealth and privilege.

Better Red than dead, huh? Well better anything than what you
are now.

A sort of bisexual, pleasing toad, hopping and screwing to
applause.

Beyond the utter shit of words all wars are fought to keep a
class entrenched. What difference if they preside over EXXON or
the Politburo?

The waste, the choking galling waste on God's sweet green
among his singing birds.